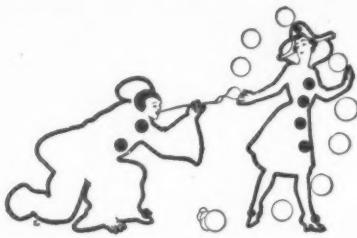




IN FINANCIAL CIRCLES

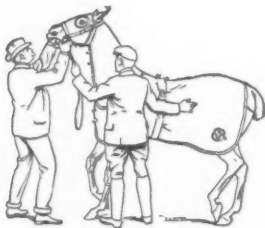
"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT CAN YOU RECOMMEND A GOOD, SAFE BANK IN YOUR TOWN WHERE I CAN BORROW FIVE DOLLARS?"

Reuter's Soap



will improve your complexion. It is impossible to constantly use it without your skin becoming softer, and whiter. Its creamy, antiseptic lather purifies the pores and cures pimples, and blackheads. Get a cake and watch your skin grow clearer, smoother, and more velvety. At your druggists.

Send a two cent stamp for a trial cake
BARCLAY & COMPANY
44 Stone St., New York



Perfectly sound!
In fabric and style.
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Price list on request, illustrating everything any manservant wears.

Motor wear for owner and chauffeur.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,
258-842-1260 Broadway,
(3 Stores)
NEW YORK,
also,
F. M. ATWOOD,
CHICAGO.

Patronize American Industries. Wear a

KNOX HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

The first derby made in America was a
C. & K.

Knapp-Felt HATS FOR MEN

The Cambridge Mixed Derby is a proper hat for occasional Summer wear. Knapp-Felt De Luxe, \$6. Knapp-Felt, \$4. Hatters sell them.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

Broadway at 13th Street

New York



"THE WURST IS YET TO COME"

Would you have

Fine Teeth?



Take proper precautions to prevent early decay

USE

**DR. SHEFFIELD'S
CRÈME DENTIFRICE**

In use since 1850

For Sale Everywhere



THE WASH SHORTENS NEITHER
SIZE NOR LIFE OF

ARROW COLLARS

Being Clupeco shrunk they are easier to wash, starch and iron than ordinary collars, and do not so soon show the traces of laundry wear. Over 100 styles in correct

QUARTER SIZES

15 cents each—2 for 25 cents. Send for booklet and dealer's name.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,

Largest Makers of Shirts and Collars in the World.

457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



"The Salt of Kings,
The King of Salts"

In England and on the continent you find

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

used everywhere.

Our cousins across the water have learned its great superiority over common salt, both for table use and when cooking.

Drop a line to 50 Ferry Street, New York. We'll tell you why CEREBOS SALT is different and send you a sample tin if you want it. Sold by good grocers everywhere.

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE FOR COUNTRY CLUBS

Evans' Ale

**Entertains Everyone
Everywhere**

LIFE



Burglar (pointing pistol): DON'T MOVE, AND DON'T MAKE A NOISE, OR I'LL —

Man in Bed: YOU NEEDN'T WORRY, I'M JUST AS ANXIOUS AS YOU ARE NOT TO HAVE HER WAKE UP UNTIL AFTER YOU GO AWAY.

Podunk Revisited

(A la Henry James)



WHEN one, through one's ineptitude; I say ineptitude purposely, of possessively embracing through fondness an outward impression, permitted to all appearance, by way of preface, rather than intermitted as a sidelight to assist in the interpretation of such impression; finds oneself returned to Podunk to assiduously resee, without precluding apprehension, it is the caravansary, the inn, that first shrieks the story, with a harshness of essential conditions for mature contemplation, of the

greater Podunk's confession. With this conception denoting, verily, a belief, founded on sufficient evidence to give preponderation to the conceptual value rather than perceptual dissociation, but insufficient to induce certainty: one is caught projecting oneself, careless of small attempts at large amenities at the revelation, taking a quick breath of relief, donating alleviation for a moment only, at the sight of the sign: "Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars," an oasis of something that purposes something in a labyrinth of mobility as the amazing mug-house closes round one with applied restoratives as translative as the exotics of papier-maché behind the bar on

the ends and in the middle. But Podunk herself is a translatress with a communication of violence in all her hints at her wondrous tale. The tale for us swarms with the quantity of presence, a subtrahend almost subtriheral but not totally that, for the dilemma to the reseeer need be but bicornous; by classifying the florid flock of this field by its two vivid characteristics: first one must be grata at the sand-filled-box-side; that other, the subtle one, he must be out of a job. There is the gimmal on which the immense promiscuity rests and bangs and bellows, independent of the inhibition of centres and where apple-jack is only ten cents a bath.

Charles A. Selden.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

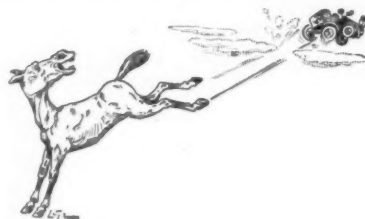
VOL. XLVII. MAY 31, 1906. No. 1231.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE President needs a phrase-maker to word his denials for him. He does it so ill that he is in danger of losing the power of effective rebuke. He is an exceedingly confiding talker, talking freely every day to a constant succession of people, and usually disclosing whatever happens to be in his mind. When some apparently reputable person says that the President said thus and so to him, and the President declares that the hitherto reputable person has "deliberately misrepresented what occurred" or has told "a deliberate and unqualified falsehood" the seasoned observer simply wonders whether the President or the other reputable person has remembered what occurred the more accurately. He does not doubt that the President disbelieves that he ever said what is charged, but wonders how the President can hope to remember precisely what he said to anybody or hope to escape mixing up in his mind his innumerable conversations with innumerable people.

A mean advantage is taken now and then of the President's confiding nature, and fragments of talk are attributed to him which, if he did say them, should not have been repeated. It is better that he should bear that sort of misuse than try to set himself right by denials that do not carry conviction. The sentiment that no citizen may give the lie to the President must work both ways. The President should not give the lie either. When he does, he puts himself in the position of hitting a man who cannot hit back, a position which must be loathsome to him if he realizes it. He must use more polite phrases, for the other sort puts him in the

wrong. To have said to Mr. Henry M. Whitney, or to Mr. Bill Chandler, that his recollection of what he had said to them varied from theirs would have been far more to his advantage than his blunt intimation that they were untruthful.



FOR the rest there seemed to be scant basis for all the complaints that were lately made in the Senate about the President. He did turn rather a sharp corner when he veered off from Tillman and Bailey and took up with the so-called "Allison amendment" of the Railroad Rates bill. There are indications at this writing that his action was affected by rumors—false ones, probably—which made him doubtful how far his Democratic allies could be trusted. Or, perhaps, he suddenly concluded that the bill with the Allison amendment was the best rates-bill that the Senate would pass, and grabbed for it. We shall know the particulars when we have read a book that is not out yet, nor even quite due—the coming book to be entitled: "Seven Years a President; or, The Most Fun I Ever Had." Why do we waste thought over post-Presidential occupations for Colonel Roosevelt? He will write his memoirs, of course, and then stand by to refute the denials of the aggrieved. Then more memoirs, and so on. A steady lifelong job and good pay. We are stupid about the Colonel. The glamor of his multifarious activities blinds us to the fundamental truth that though he may soldier for a spell, and off and on be Governor or President, he is a literary man all the time, and his other jobs are avocations.



IT IS quite true, as our neighbor, the *Sun*, said in leaded type the other day, that instead of bothering as to whether Senator Tillman had a right to be mad, and Senator Bailey a better right to be madder, or as to what ex-Senator Chand-

ler said he said, or whether Senator Lodge is really fit to be trusted with a telephone, we ought all to be concentrating every atom of our spare attention upon Russia, where has started and is progressing in open view of mankind the greatest political drama that the world has seen since Louis XVI convoked the States General. Absolutism is done in Russia, and representative government has begun. The Duma is sitting and the new order is under way, and all the best guessers in the world are guessing how it will work out. The Czar was compelled to convoke the Duma, because he could not borrow money unless he did. He must listen to the Duma because he cannot borrow money unless he does, and unless he can borrow, and largely and continuously, his government will go promptly bankrupt.

The Duma seems an able representative body. Certainly it includes some of the ablest and wisest of contemporary Russians. It has begun asking for things: the release of 70,000 political prisoners, to start with. The great question is whether the Duma, the Czar, the foreign bankers and all the brains that Russia can command can work out a political and social revolution without an awful interval of anarchy, fire and blood. The guessers, at this writing, are somewhat despondent. They fear the worst.

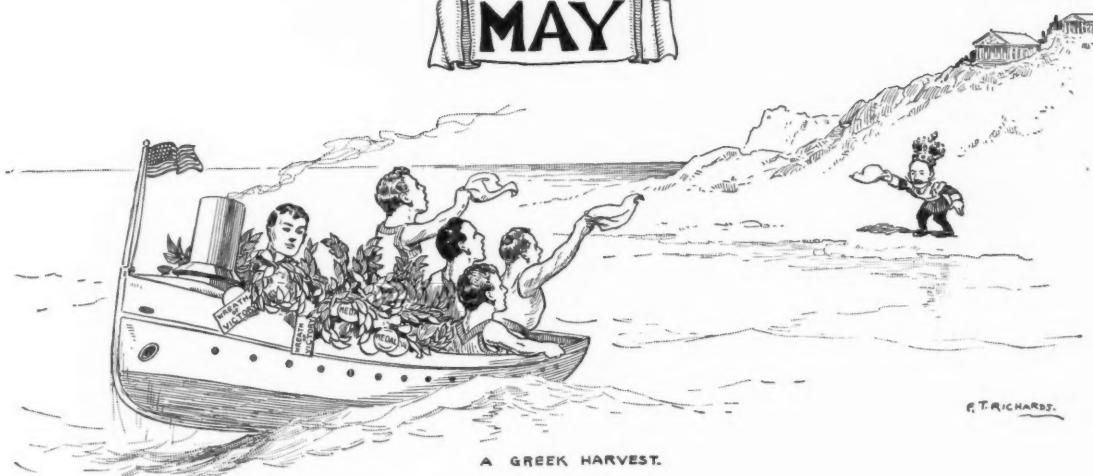


IN THE *Tribune* of May 16 there was a full-page advertisement of a London hotel, in which the late editor and controlling owner of the *Tribune*, now our Ambassador to England, was exhibited pictorially as he appeared at that hotel making his after-dinner speech at the United States Naval League dinner on Washington's Birthday. The hotel advertised itself as the "centre of fashionable American life in Europe," pointing to the American Ambassador to prove it. It is hoped that this picture was brought to the attention of Congress and well rubbed in as proof that our ambassadors ought to receive living wages. If we furnished Mr. Reid with a London house and a salary of even \$30,000, he would not have to lend his august likeness to a London hotel advertisement in his own paper.



GOTT IN HIMMEL! —SACRE BLEU! — I'LL BE BLOWED!

MAY



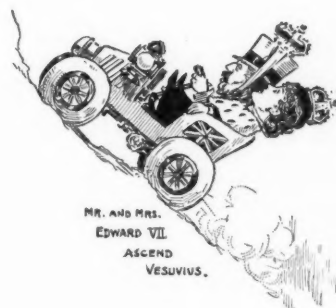
A GREEK HARVEST.



UNVEILING HIS STATUE.



NICHOLAS OPENS THE DOUMA.



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD VII ASCEND VESUVIUS.



PRINCESS ENA'S WEDDING CAKE.



A RICH AMERICAN WOULD WED THE POPE'S SISTER.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Your publication of Miss Repplier's protest against the advertisements that line the railroads from New York to Philadelphia leads me to hope that you will give space to a similar protest against the disfigurement of the finest piece of scenery between Philadelphia and Washington. Just above the place where the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge crosses the Susquehanna the river widens so as to include a beautiful island. The island and the river banks are covered with trees and in the distance can be seen the graceful curves of another bridge. But in the centre of the scene, the spot where the island, narrowing into a point, lies nearest the traveler, the Hammond Typewriter Company, with misplaced ingenuity, has placed an enormous and vulgar sign. It represents a Gargantuan female, in a garish red waist, operating a proportionately sized typewriter. Beside this is another sign too small to be read, but too large to be unseen.

These crimes against civilization should tend to taboo the ware thus proclaimed. Strange if the reverse be true!

Yours sincerely,

May 9, 1906.

F. Cridland Evans.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—Though a refugee minus many thousand dollars, I regret particularly the loss of a complete file of LIFE. Though compelled to stand in the bread line, I grieve at not having the price of a hair-cut which might privilege me to read LIFE in a barber's chair. Awaiting the time when I may again rejoin you,

Your old friend,

May, 1906.

A. C. K.

BRISTOL, TENN.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—Keep up your good work on the missionary and divorce questions. Don't back down because a few fanatics stop their subscriptions. I venture to say that the great majority of your subscribers are with you, and if not they might be educated up to it. Missionaries are a nuisance and an impertinence.

The letter of "A Victim," from Tewksbury, Mass., and the cartoon, "It's a Poor Rule that Does Not Work Both Ways," are two of the best things that have appeared in LIFE for some time.

I agree with the Memphis Commercial Appeal that LIFE is the greatest humorous weekly.

Yours very truly,

May 6, 1906.

Gregg D. Wolfe.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Please discontinue my subscription to LIFE. I have been one of LIFE's friends and admirers for many years and thought it a strong influence for good in the community, but its tone has changed so much of late that I would rather not have it now about the house.

Yours,

May 3, 1906.

L. S. Limberger.

The subscription is in the name of I. H. Limberger, 3630 Delmar Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I have read with interest your frequent criticisms of automobilists, much of which is deserved. There is another side to this question that may interest you.

During the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, most of the automobiles owned in that city, and there is a large number, were running night and day, carrying supplies to the sick and injured, taking the injured to hospitals and carrying valuable papers, etc., from the burned district to places of safety.

I understand that they did more than any other one thing to help in the saving of life and property during those terrible days.

Constant Reader.

May 12, 1906.

LA SALLE, ILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Your comments on Socialists and Socialism do injustice to an earnest and sincere group of men and betray a lamentable lack of understanding of a great school of thought.

Ever hear of Karl Marx? Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, says of him, "Let us add . . . that, perhaps with the exception of Ricardo, there has been no more original, no more powerful and no more acute intellect in the entire history of economic science."

Marx was preeminently a Socialist. Millionaires would find it hard to follow your recent advice, "Every family in affluent circumstances nowadays ought to keep a Socialist," if you were to insist strictly upon the Marxian standard of brains.

Don't be so sure of the transitoriness of "the Socialistic ebullition." Remember you know nothing about Socialism. Get wise first. Read for a starter John Spargo's "The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Seek To Accomplish" Then digest



RACING TERM

ONE BY A NOSE

W. J. Ghent's "Mass and Class." Dry? Not at all. You'll be surprised to find such intense human interest in these books. After this, with your cerebral centres aroused, you'll continue reading of your own accord. You'll begin to see order in this hurlyburly world then.

Really, you owe it to the quality of LIFE and to the intelligence of your readers to get busy.

Very truly yours,

May 11, 1906.

H. C. Uthoff.

While we cannot deny the expressions quoted above, our correspondent must remember that LIFE is published in a community composed entirely of millionaires, who regard a Socialist as a burglar regards a policeman. They are natural enemies. Moreover, the resident of La Salle is in no danger of passing the door of the Rockefeller Sunday-school class.

Here in New York we must be cautious.

OXFORD, ENG.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—In a copy of LIFE, which but lately fell into my hands, I noticed the following views expressed by LIFE:

"Even had we no doubts of our religion being right and all other religions false, . . . we should consider the missionary an impertinence."

As one who has long admired the justice and purity of LIFE, I wish to add a word, not of protest, but of explanation. LIFE evidently did not go to Sunday-school the day they studied the first chapter of St. John, or else he was pinching the next boy about the time they got to the tenth verse. Christians to-day do not teach that all other religions are false, nor did Christ nor St. John. In a recent and cosmopolitan gathering of Oxford students who are prospective missionaries, we discussed this question and we agreed unanimously that we do not go to tell people their religion is false, but we go to them as brothers, with a brighter light, and a purer love and an assurance of things which they are but groping after. There have been, and are, tactless missionaries and bad missionaries, but because missionaries make mistakes that does not prove that all missionaries are a mistake. Doubtless at first our shaggy ancestors, the Picts, and Scots and Britons, considered Columba an impertinence and preferred their savage rights and unclothed freedom to his gentle doctrine, but most of the good things we have we owe in large measure to Columba and his faithful co-workers.

Think again, LIFE, and think a little harder next time.

Sincerely yours,

Wadham College,

Hugh A. Moran.

May 4, 1906.

The verdict in these matters might depend on who composed the jury. In China, for instance, they have made it reasonably clear that missionaries are not desired.

And the North American Indian might feel, as he viewed the present condition of Niagara Falls, the Palisades of the Hudson and the extinction of his own people, that the coming of Columbus was not an undiluted blessing.

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The Man Up the Tree: AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A CHAUFFEUR! WHY, YOU BLITHERING SON OF A PUSH-CART, WHERE DID YOU LEARN?
"AT A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, SIR."

Money and Divorce

AS MANY of LIFE's readers are interested in the divorce question the following, from *Law Notes*, may be worth reading:

It will be remembered that before 1857 the only absolute divorces obtainable in England were by special Act of Parliament, a condition which made divorce a luxury for the rich only and denied it to the poorer classes of society. In that year a bill was passed through the efforts of Sir Richard Bethell, the Attorney-General, over the zealous opposition of Mr. Gladstone and the High Church party. The immediate cause of the bill is said to have been a sentence pronounced by Mr. Justice Maule upon a prisoner for bigamy. The judge, with grave irony, addressed the prisoner thus: "Prisoner at the bar: You have been convicted of the offense of bigamy, that is to say, of marrying a woman while you had a wife still alive, though it is true she has deserted you and is living in adultery with another man. You have, therefore, committed a crime against the laws of your country, and you have also acted under a very serious misapprehension of the course which you ought to have pursued. You should have gone to the ecclesiastical court and there obtained against your wife a decree *a mensa et thoro*. You should then have brought an action in the courts of common law, and recovered, as no doubt you would have recovered, damages against your wife's paramour. Armed with these decrees, you should have approached the legislature and obtained an Act of Parliament which would have rendered you free and legally competent to marry the person whom you have taken on yourself to marry with no such sanction. It is quite true that these proceedings would have cost you many hundreds of pounds, whereas you probably have not as many pence. But the law knows no distinction between rich and poor. The sentence of the court upon you, therefore, is that you be imprisoned for one day, which period has already been exceeded, as you have been in custody since the commencement of the assizes."

Let the Guilty Suffer

THE trial of Dr. Crapsey seems to bring considerable ridicule upon the Protestant Episcopal Church. This is unjust. Dr. Crapsey, as a clergyman of that church, agreed to believe—or appear to believe—certain things. That is, he agreed to stop thinking for himself. But if he is one of those persons who enjoy a fresh point of view now and then he should have joined some other profession in which original effort is a stepping-stone to further success and not considered a breach of faith—such as law, medicine, art, literature, science or almost any kind of business. As it is, he has been very naughty and should be made to suffer.

A San Francisco Incident

BEFORE the ruins of the city here cooled men began clamoring for office and warehouse room in the saved residence section. One lawyer, who had grown a bit tired of repeated questioning as to where he intended to put out his sign, appeared upon the street one morning with a piece of paper pinned across the front of his hat. It bore this advertisement:

Office of
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
San Francisco, Cal

Boston's Work Horse Parade

BOSTON'S Fourth Annual Work Horse Parade is to be held on May 30 by the Boston Work Horse Parade Association, of which Mr. Henry C. Merwin is president. "Any horse that is dock-tailed, lame, sick, thin, out of condition or otherwise unfit for work will be excluded from the parade." So the rule runs. It seems hard on some horses who are not responsible for their appearance, but it is obviously a useful rule. It will be noted that no Boston horse is excluded because he wears glasses. The superior horses get medals and prizes.

The parade seems now to be well established as a feature of Boston life. We wish there might be a compulsory parade in New York of horses whose noses are held up in the air by check-reins,

policemen to sit up with the drivers and protect them and competent judges to decide which drivers should pay twenty-five-dollar fines and which should pay only ten dollars. The check-rein folly, which has come back into fashion again, is disgusting.

Guilty!

ST. PETER: Ah, so you've been desecrating the Sabbath?

NEW ARRIVAL: I wasn't aware of it.

St. PETER (sternly): Haven't you made a practice of going to sacred concerts?

Thanks, Neighbor

TO AN esteemed contemporary, published in another city, we are indebted for these words of encouragement:

LEPROSY IN NEW YORK

Manhattan has a colony of lepers. These people are not numerous, but they are afflicted with as virulent a type of the

disease as ever was known to prevail among the poor putrescent victims in Molokai or any other segregated leper community.

Unfortunately, the affection does not show itself exteriorly. It is deep down in the morbid hearts of the venal coterie where naught but hate, malice and fiendish fanaticism flourish.

The black current of vile corruption probably will flow on until the devil gets the last one of his own. Just at present the head of the festering fountain appears to be *LIFE*, a misnamed journal in which there is absolutely nothing but moral death.

PILLS are hard to swallow, operations are not so stylish as they were and mud baths are a good way from godliness. Why, then, shouldn't Christian Science come in? If our faith doesn't make us whole, it will at least make us easy money, and that's about all any system of doctoring has ever done for us, anyway.



WHY THEY MARRIED

"THAT WOMAN MARRIED!" I HEAR YOU EXCLAIM:
YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF PEOPLE IS SMALL,
THERE IS ALWAYS SOME CHUMP WHO WILL WHISPER "JE T' ADME!"
WHILE REAL PEACHES ARE LEFT BY THE WALL!

THESE PEOPLE ARE MATED EXACTLY,
AND ALL THAT REMAINS IS TO TELL
THAT SHE IS A BULLY GOOD TALKER
AND HE LISTENS EQUALLY WELL!



MR. ROSEWATER, editor of the Omaha Bee, is said to be a candidate for the United States Senate.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.
The Senate needs a little Rosewater.

His grateful countrymen, anyway,
Can lay their hands on their hearts and say,
They have laid to rest the probable bones
Of the late lamented John Paul Jones.—*Morgantown Post*.

Anyway, his grateful countrymen are better off than old Mother Hubbard's dog.

There is some difference, after all, between those two big, big "D's,"
Depew and Dowie.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.
Dowie doesn't hang on as hard; that's all.

Why is it that so many socialist authors are dissatisfied with their wives?—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald*.

Why should they make their wives the only exception
in the world?

Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich studied baseball scores while the President's message
on Standard Oil was being read.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

What could President Roosevelt tell Senator Aldrich about
Standard Oil that the father-in-law of young Rockefeller didn't
already know?

The New Yorker who raised a \$3 city warrant to \$359,000 showed the high
finance instinct.—*Louisville Times*.

He had probably been reading about how the insurance
officials raised their salaries.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST
Diminishing Winds

Every once in a while the Iroquois Theatre case is tried some more.—*Chicago News*.

But not Klaw & Erlanger.

And so the Missouri counties which indorsed Bryan yesterday made a total of
—what do you think?—23.—*Indianapolis News*.

With Skidoc County yet to be heard from.

A fight is beginning in Rhode Island over Senator Wetmore's seat.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

They shouldn't fight too strenuously or some one may fall
over the edge.

"Big Hawley," retired counterfeiter, confesses the authorship of many magazine
articles by prominent people.—*Boston Transcript*.

The muck rakers have evidently found a scapegoat.

There are no old maids in Turkey, and no equivalents for the word spinster in
the Turkish language.—*New York Sun*.

Also in the good old days in Utah.

A rotten mind in a healthy body is far worse than a rotten body with
a healthy mind.—*Baltimore American*.

Cheer up, old man. You may be better soon.

Mr. Hearst would rather be wrong than be President.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.
In other words, he prefers a certainty to an uncertainty.

Miss Madeline E. Doty has been appointed receiver of a millinery store in
New York.—*Rochester Post*.

What bliss for one of the sex!

Mr. Heinze also announces that he will not be a candidate for the United States
Senate.—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

Some of our millionaires are getting mighty particular about
their reputations.

Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, warns women against such strenuous athletics as foot-
ball, hockey, basketball and pole-vaulting.—*Rochester Post*.

Please note, ladies, that he says nothing about the wash-
board.

The muck rakers should lay aside the rake. They need a steam shovel.—*Wash-
ington Star*.

Not a steam shovel—a hot-air shovel.

If Turkish women are at last in revolt against the harem system, it is
doomed.—*Buffalo News*.

They may regret the peace of the harem when they've
joined a few women's clubs.

The woman who invented the modern corset has died at the ripe age of 93.—
Mexican Herald.

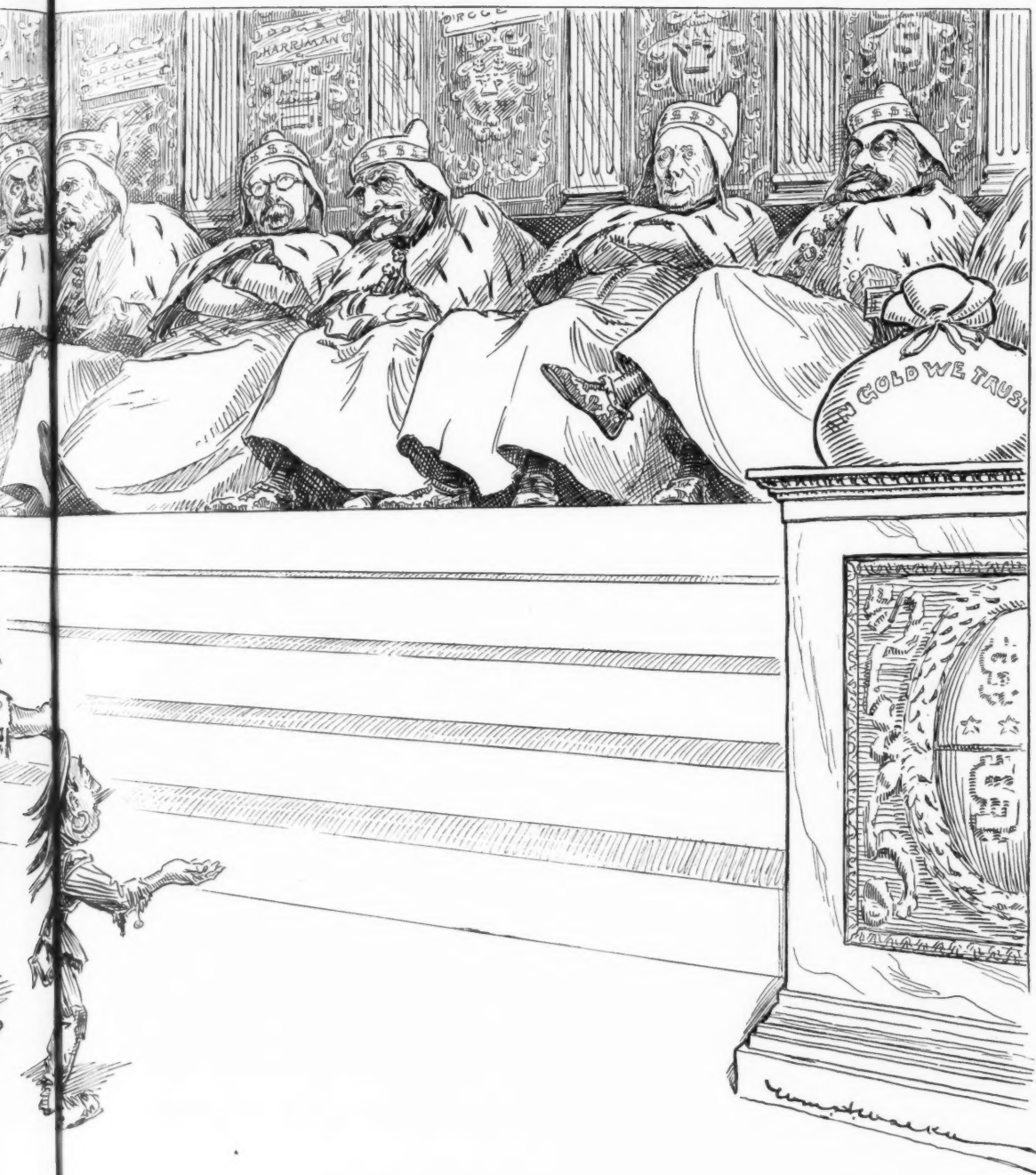
There's nothing in that statement to prove that she ever
wore one.

According to a Chicago psychologist burglary is a disease.—*Rochester Post*.
According to the fellow who's burglarized it's a blank blank
outrage.





THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNDERDOG



TRUMP OVER BIRTH



PEGASUS IS TOO SLOW FOR MODERN USE.

The American Revolution

CHAPTER VIII

THE morning of the tenth of July dawned serene and beautiful. Everything presented an orderly appearance. Only the faces of the crowds showed what was pending. Ten weeks before the price of ice had risen over night to \$8 a hundred. Eggs were \$1 each. Beef was \$2 a pound. After this came the deluge.

The committee of public safety, although hastily formed, had been effective. The city was held in an iron grip. It remained only to inaugurate the new régime, and to do away with the old forever.

At nine o'clock the following announcement was made to the people:

CITIZENS!

The new calendar begins to-day. The enemies of the people will, beginning at noon, get what is coming to them. After they have been disposed of, the new order of things will be ushered in.

John Smith,
(For the Committee.)

At twelve o'clock Madison Square was crowded with common people. A temporary stand had been erected in the Flatiron Building over the site of the editorial staff of Munsey's Magazine.

Mr. Smith addressed the multitude:

"Citizens: A great day has come to all of us. Those who predicted a reign of anarchy and bloodshed little realized the great strides which have been made in the business of revolutions. The French Revolution was a crude affair, vulgar and inartistic. We have advanced since then.

"Citizens! One of the most important tragedies of life is death. Hundreds die every day without comment. It is a common lot. Killing is too good for some.

"We have done a great work. All the trusts have been abolished. We are now sailing on an even keel. All that remains is to dispose of our enemies in the most effective manner. Let Andrew Carnegie be led out."

This gentleman, closely guarded, was brought forth on a raised platform.

John Smith continued:

"Citizens! At great trouble and some expense, we have collected over 100 of the homeliest women in this country. They will be changed constantly as new recruits are gathered, so that the standard of ugliness will be kept up. Mr. Carnegie will be continuously kissed by these ladies every evening, winter and summer, rain or shine, in Union Square, until he slowly dies of shame and mortification. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday."

Andrew Carnegie fainted at this, and was dragged out amid long and continued cheers.

The Senate of the United States was

then brought in chained together.

Mr. Smith continued:

"Citizens! Here we have a deformed body, recently among the wealthiest villains and now the first to plead for mercy.

"But none shall be granted them!

"At one time they would have been quietly guillotined—as if this punishment amounted to anything! From now on they will be confined in the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, and fed on patent breakfast food and Standard Oil. If they fail to eat every man his portion, they will be operated on for appendicitis twice every day by the first ambulance surgeon who comes along. Long live the Republic!"

At this announcement the common people went into transports of joy.

The directors of the New York Central Railroad were then led in. Mr. Smith waved his hand:

"Citizens! These creatures will hereafter be chained to the inside of their own tunnel, and given a soot bath twice a day. May they live long and suffer!"

The multitude was beside itself with exuberance. Mr. Smith then announced that the programme for the day was over.

"Citizens!" he exclaimed, "do not be disappointed. A regiment of learned men is now at work, with special punishments. To-morrow I shall announce the fate of John D. Rockefeller, E. H. Harriman, William Hearst and the members of the Beef, Coal and Ice trusts. Over night be daffy in the thought of brother Carnegie and the others we have just dealt with."

This was greeted with long-continued cheers.

That night the people rested, singing songs of triumph, while, with joyful anticipations, they waited the dawn of another day.

Cable from St. Petersburg

MAY —, 1906. At a late hour last night it was conceded by Boss Nicholas that Russia has gone Democratic.

THE man with the muck rake is behind the times. What he needs is a steam shovel.

To Please the Girls

IF YOU would please a girl, obey
This law: Whatever else you do,
Listen to all that she may say,
Say nothing she must listen to.

The Health Industry

NATURE always seems to be preserving a balance of power.

In order to offset the depletion of human lives by automobiles, steam engines, steamboats and other inventive appliances, new apostles of health are arising on every side. Some of them give us health and religion together, put up in combination packages; others assert that a judicious and persistent upholstering of our bodies with muscles will do the trick; while still others claim that through our minds alone can we achieve a permanent freedom. The Price of Peace varies from \$1 a treatment to \$10 an hour.

Health is rapidly becoming a drug on the market. As a modern luxury it ought to be subjected to an Internal Revenue Tax.

As a new industry, health deserves more than a passing mention. Although yet in its infancy, it is already occupying so much of our attention that it seems not improbable it will soon require some sort of Government jurisdiction.

The main difficulty at present is that no system of health lasts long enough to be of any permanent benefit. We take it up, become its enthusiastic advocate, hip, hip, hurrah about it to the skies, when suddenly some one finds it out, the reaction comes on, and we lapse into a worse condition than at first; for our faith has been shaken and it is so much harder to believe in the next one.

What we really need is a system of health that shall deceive us permanently. We want to be able to take our friend aside and tell him that we have at last found a panacea for all ills, without the secret sneaking consciousness that some poor fool will the next day blurt out the truth about it, and thus destroy all our illusion. We can stand the shock of being undeceived ourselves, but it hurts one's pride to be found out by one's friends.

We recall how every morning of our lives, clad only in a glad smile and a purple gloom, we sat under blue glass for hours in order that certain friendly unadulterated rays might be allowed to enter our system; and how, when we were almost well, some one discovered that the glass should have been green, not blue; how we relapsed immediately from our hothouse setting not only sadder and wiser, but a good deal poorer.

At present Mental Science is having a run for its money. We believe to an extent in Mental Science. For one thing, it can be practised without detection. Then again we must confess that we like its apostles better. They are most of them simply lovely. We have been shut up in a dark closet with a moth-eaten Swami many a time, with our diamond ring turned with its face toward the wall, hoping he has not seen it, and wondering if our horoscope was on straight. We have in more ways than one been bled by hard, cold, cruel, unmagnetic specialists whose only object in life appeared to be to collect as many of our vital organs as possible. We have been kneaded by osteopathy and snubbed by homeopathy, but, even at \$10 an hour, commend us to the mental scientist.

She is always a lovely lady in the prime of life, and although at one time a hopeless invalid—just before she discovered the

secret of existence—she is now as plump as a partridge. With an eye that flashes lovingly into the innermost recesses of your soul and a smile that makes you forget your extreme poverty, dressed in the height of fashion, she holds your hand in hers and tells you not to resist anything and you firmly resolve not to. It is all, she declares, the mind. This being the case, we have only to surround ourselves with the proper mental conditions and everything will come our way.

We have tried Mental Science for some time and we are obliged to confess that it works beautifully, that is, in every respect but one. It has never been able to supply us with a good cook. Many an hour, in the secret recesses of our chamber, we have relaxed ourselves utterly to every known vibration in hopes that somewhere, out in space, we could make a connection that would give our kitchen the proper harmonic tone. But the wires have always been crossed. We have never dared to mention the subject to our Mental Science guardian. We noticed the last time we held her taper fingers in ours that they felt a little rough and we suspected that she herself had been washing dishes. But it would have been wrong in us to say so. There are some subjects too sacred to mention.

Tom Masson.

Spoils

BRIGGS: I was crossing the Jersey meadows the other day in a large auto, when we were attacked by a band of mosquitoes.

GRIGGS: Thursday morning, wasn't it?

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Why, on Thursday afternoon I saw them passing over Newark and some of them had goggles on."

THE man who avoids debt doesn't have to bother about avoiding creditors.



SETTLED AT LAST

Mars (to Astronomer): PROFESSOR, LET ME DISPEL RIGHT NOW YOUR ERRONEOUS BELIEF THAT I AM INHABITED.

Epitomized

IN INFANCY the milk we drink
Must thoroughly be Pasteurized;
And if from food we seem to shrink
Our fare must then be peptonized.

As lads our young and tender brains
Must properly be Froebelized;
Then in our studies we show gains
If by due methods galvanized.

In business we may succeed,
And then our line is Morganized,
Whereat the chances are, indeed,
That we will soon be Steffensized.

At this stage we must take a risk;
We may full soon be Tarbellized,
Or through exposures blunt and brisk
Be quite completely Lawsonized.

Last stage of all, when we grow old,
Or foibles cannot be disguised,
And almost every day we're told
That now we must be Oslerized.

W. D. Nesbit.

The Latest Books

BETTINA VON HUTTEN dedicates her novel, *Pam Decides*, to those "who understood Pam and liked her and have asked what became of her," and those to whom the book is dedicated will enjoy it. More, however, because it brings them later and interesting news of an old friend than because it represents the Baroness Von Hutten at her best. It is difficult for any one by whom the story of Pam's youth is vividly recalled to judge this sequel fairly as an unrelated piece of fiction, but it seems too dependent upon the former book, both for the force of its situations and for the attraction of its chief character, to rank as more than the pleasant furnishing of a happy ending to the story of one of the author's most individual creations.

One does not quarrel with the unlikely for its own sake. There are impossible situations which we welcome for their captivating absurdity, for the inferences of their exaggerations, for the pure exuberance of their contrariness. But *The Chateau of Montplaisir*, by Molly Elliot Seawell, is not of these. Its absurdities are conventional, not captivating. Its exaggerations are guiltless of inference. Its exuberance savors more of horse-play than of the imagination. It is a comedy which approximates as nearly as lies in the nature of prose fiction to the comic opera of commerce.

The story which Emerson Hough has to tell about the coming of civilization, woman and the law to the contented town of *Heart's*

Desire, in the mountains of New Mexico, is a good story somewhat cloyingly embellished by Mr. Hough's very pretty gift of idealization and artesian flow of language. His characters are picturesque and his characterization is poetic, but, effective as the combination is in single chapters, it is a trifle artificial in solid massing.

Those for whom the French-Canadian dialect has pleasant associations with swift waters and still forests (and they are many) will find congenial reading in *Jules of the Great Heart*, Lawrence Mott's story of an outlaw trapper and independent operator in the days of the great Trust of the North, the Hudson's Bay Company. The book has the flavor of all outlaw romance, but it breathes also the spirit of that wilderness whose voice is dear to those who have heard it.

An Orchard Princess, by Ralph Henry Barbour, is a simon-pure love story. Of course, most of us are apt to turn up our intellectual noses at a love story which hasn't the *savoir-faire* to disguise itself, but Mr. Barbour is not writing for us, but for the other people, and as his conversations are rather clever (for simon-pure conversations), and as the book is very prettily decorated, these others ought to be grateful.

The quality of the short stories which the spring presses are preparing against the summer's needs continues discouraging. The seven tales in Robert Grant's *The*

Law Breakers are only saved from complete neutrality by the distinction of the author's manner. They are indeed models of narration but entirely negligible narratives, offering little more than very obvious literary prestidigitation with the halves and quarters of human inconsistencies.

Partly because their fragmentary nature removes them from the strict category of finished tales, and partly because in their informal variety they occasionally strike fire from local flint, O. Henry's twenty-five sketches of New York, published under the title of *The Four Million*, are more satisfactory. From river to river, and from Coney to the Bronx, the author has sketched his subjects where he found them, studies of the humor of tragedy and of the tragedy of humor, and while they vary widely and as a whole are not all that one hopes for after Mr. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings*, yet many of them are amusing and some of them are more than that.

The essay upon *Childhood and Growth* by Lafayette B. Mendels, professor of physiological chemistry at Yale, which has been published in an extremely neat little volume, is a remarkably succinct and intelligible statement of the fundamental facts of food properties and child needs. In spite of its diminutive bulk it should in the majority of cases prove a more enlightening guide than some of the more complex and pretentious treatises.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Pam Decides. By Bettina Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

The Chateau of Montplaisir. By Molly Elliot Seawell. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Heart's Desire. By Emerson Hough. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Jules of the Great Heart. By Lawrence Mott. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

An Orchard Princess. By Ralph Henry Barbour. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

The Law Breakers. By Robert Grant. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

The Four Million. By O. Henry. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

Childhood and Growth. By Lafayette B. Mendels. (Frederick A. Stokes and Company.)

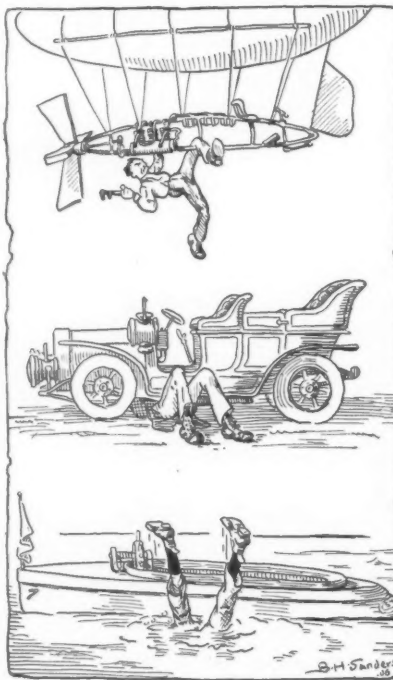
Complex

STRAWBER: I should think you would be devoted to Miss Casper—she is such a pretty girl.

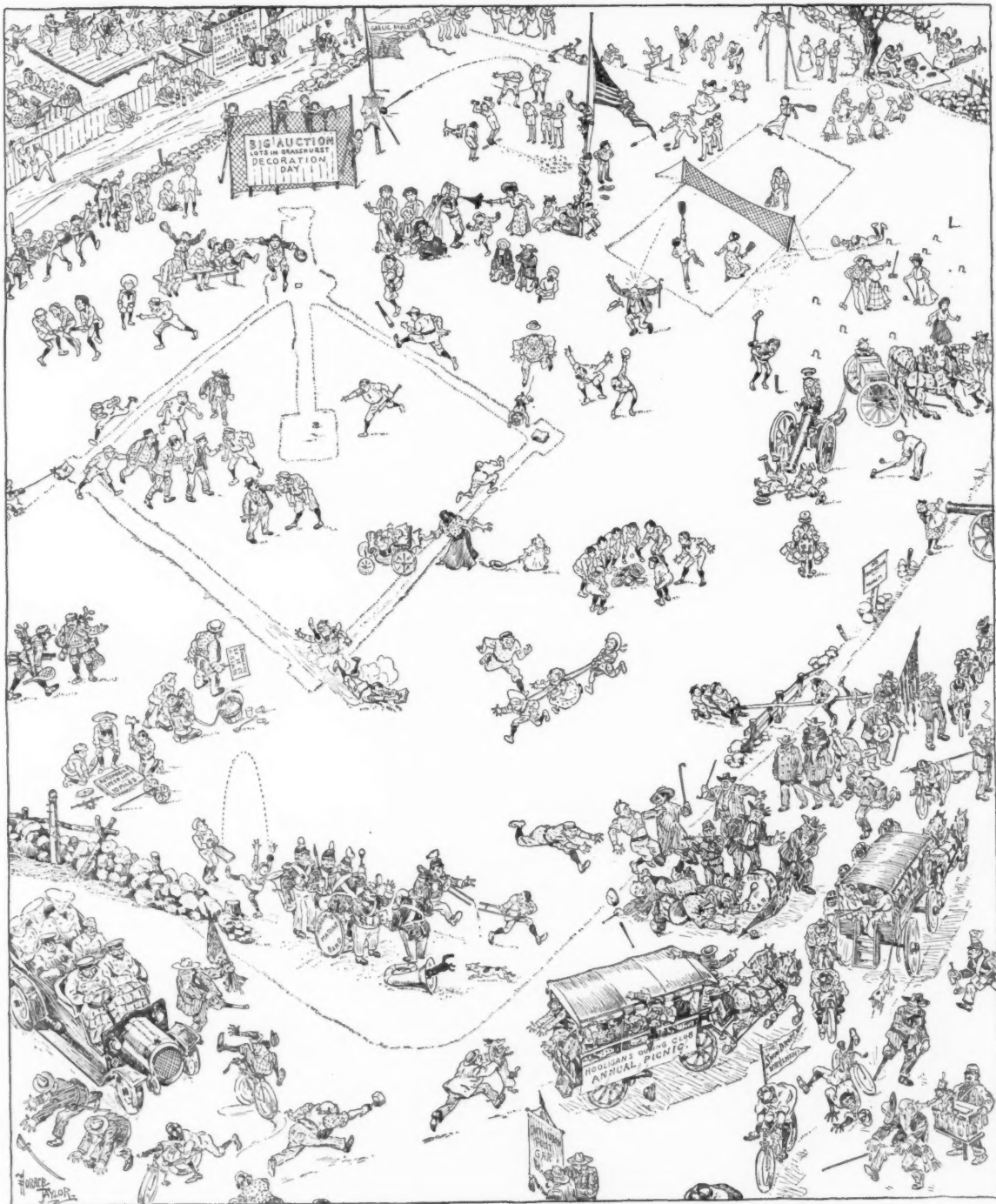
SINGELY: That's the trouble—she's altogether too pretty to be loved by one man.

THE heaven that sanctifies a marriage is the heaven it makes, rather than the heaven it may have been made in.

CHICAGO'S highest ambition is population.



EXCELSIOR!



MAY 30—THE NATION'S MOURNING
Decoration Day



NOT THIS OFFICE

A New York man was talking about Opie Read, the brilliant author and journalist.

"Read, you know," he said, "founded the *Arkansas Traveler*. He edited that excellent paper for ten years or more. He made a great success of it.

"They say that in the spring of 1885 a reporter of the *Traveler* died. He was a fine young chap. A visitor to the office the day after the funeral found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately.

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said. "A sad loss, indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

"Opie Read frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be durned," said Read. "That isn't crape. It's the office towel."—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

WHERE INSANITY BEGINS

"The recent outbursts from the orators of the Republican Party against tariff revision remind me of the story of the old Irish woman who thought her dying husband insane," Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, said.

"The old woman, a covetous old soul, was in the room listening to her husband making his last will and testament.

"Now, tell me exactly what is owing you," the lawyer said.

"Timothy Brown owes me \$300," answered the old man. "Casey owes me \$175 and—"

"Good, good," interrupted the prospective widow, "Rational to the last!"

"Luke Brown owes me \$80," continued the old man.

"Rational, rational!" again interrupted the old woman.

"To Mike Lafferty I owe \$375—"

"Ah," interrupted the old woman, "hear him rave, hear him rave!"—*New York World*.

NOT FOR HER

A story is told of a young wife who knew little of housekeeping. She was, in consequence of that inexperience, disposed to stand a bit in awe of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker, for she felt sure they must be aware of the extent of her ignorance in household matters. She ordered only such things as she was absolutely sure of, and she made her interviews with the tradesmen as brief as possible.

One morning there came to her house a collector of ashes. "Ash-ees! ash-ees!" she heard him call in stentorian tones. As the cry was repeated again and again, she became more and more perplexed as to what "ash-ees" meant. Finally, she went to the gate in the rear and opened it. "Ash-ees?" came in guttural question from the man.

The young wife hesitated for a moment. Drawing herself up to a dignified attitude, she replied coldly: "No, I don't think I care for any to-day."—*Harper's Weekly*.

HOW THEY SING IT IN BOSTON

Every one labors except our distinguished progenitor.

He reposes in a recumbent position within our residence through the day.

His pedal extremities idling upon the bronze of the steam radiator,

Serenely engaged in extracting nebulous atmosphere from a tobacco receptacle of mundane matter.

Our maternal mentor receives soiled linen for the purpose of cleansing it,

And in this connection I should include filial Ann.

Indeed, everybody is engaged in some variety of occupation in our domestic habitat—

Excluding, as primarily suggested, our distinguished progenitor. —*Springfield Republican*.



A COWBOY WITH NOTHING TO DIOUX,
JUST FOR PRACTICE TRIED ROPING "POOR LIOUX."
IT WAS EXCELLENT SPORT;
BUT SIOUXN AFTER, IN COURT,
HE WAS SIOUX'D FOR LASSIOUXING A SIOUX.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

"Once upon a time there lived a good man of New York who was soliciting contributions for the erection of an orphan asylum," said the story teller. "He had been to many rich people and received liberal contributions, which were entered in a book he had for that purpose. Among these many names there appeared, 'Mrs. Russell Sage, \$25.' The good man went to Mr. Sage's office, and showing him the contribution entered in the book by Mrs. Sage, asked if he would not give a like sum. And what do you suppose he did?"

"Well, I suppose he at least doubled it," remarked a listener.

"Doubled it! Not Russell!" exclaimed the teller of the story. "Why, he simply took his pen and wrote, 'Mr. and' before his wife's name and handed the book back to the good man."—*Harper's Weekly*.

A PREDICAMENT

James E. Hurley, general manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, says that this is the best story he ever heard of a railroad man:

A man in a country town went crazy on hypnotism. He imagined he was the greatest hypnotist on earth. He was a powerful fellow and the officers knew that he would put up a hard fight. He knew they were taking him to an asylum. So they evolved a scheme. They told him that there were some people in the asylum who would unravel a thrilling story if they were hypnotized, and wanted him to do the job. He consented. The officers boarded the train with him, bound for the asylum. When the conductor came along the crazy man began telling of his own hypnotic powers. The conductor didn't believe him.

"I'll just hypnotize you to prove it," said the man.

"Fire away," said the conductor.

The man made several passes with his hands in front of the conductor's face and said: "You are hypnotized."

In order to pacify the man the conductor said he was.

"You are a railroad conductor," went on the hypnotist.

"Right again," said the conductor.

"You don't smoke, chew, drink or swear at passengers?"

"Nope."

"You are honest, turn in all tickets and money you collect from passengers. In fact, you do not steal a cent."

"That's right," said the conductor.

"What a fix you would be in if I left you in this condition," drawled the hypnotist.—*Exchange*.

WORTHY OF HIS FEE

The late Speaker of the National House of Representatives, David B. Henderson, spent most of his life on the battlefield and in Congress, but a portion of it was devoted to a willingness to practise law.

His early professional experiences were not materially different from those of most young lawyers.

Finally he was retained in an estate case which involved large interests. The future Speaker was mighty hard up, and he was seriously thinking of asking the heirs to pay his bill, which he had never rendered. He was meditating whether to charge them \$200 or \$300, when one of the heirs, representing them all, stepped briskly into his office and, taking out a roll of \$500 bills, said: "Mr. Henderson, I want to pay your bill," and commenced laying down these \$500 bills until he had \$2,500 before the astonished young lawyer. Looking up at Mr. Henderson the heir said: "Is that enough?" And the lawyer, with that self-possession which subsequently made him famous, calmly said, "Peel off another one and we will call it square."—*Harper's Weekly*.

STAGE FRIGHT

Very few persons acquit themselves nobly in their first speech. At a wedding feast recently, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, the bridegroom was called upon, as usual, to respond to the given toast, in spite of the fact that he had previously pleaded to be excused.

Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose to his feet. He intended to imply that he was unprepared for speechmaking, but he unfortunately placed his hand upon the bride's shoulder and looking down at her as he stammered out his opening and concluding words:

"This—er—thing has been forced upon me."

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and it's not only easily read without bending forward, but it's absolutely accurate at all speeds—up hill or down—rough roads or smooth—whether your car is tipped or level. The Auto-Meter must be accurate within six inches per mile when sold, and is

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MODEL G, 30-35 H. P., PRICE \$3700
SPECIAL FEATURES

- IGNITION.** "Make and break" system, which removes those seats of trouble—the sparking coil, commutator, storage batteries, complicated wiring and spark plug. Entire ignition mechanism instantly accessible.
- MAGNETO.** Simms-Bosch low tension carried on a boss on engine base.
- CARBURETER.** Float feed type, requiring no adjustment.
- MOTOR.** Vertical—4 cylinders, 4 cycle. Cylinders cast in pairs, waterjackets integral insuring no leaks. Motor can be throttled down to 150 but can turn 1800 revolutions. Full 30-35 H. P. developed in every engine.
- CLUTCH.** Cone type, leather face, specially constructed to obviate inertia.
- CHANGE GEAR.** Three speeds forward and one reverse; direct drive on high gear. Encased in aluminum, oil tight. Directly under foot-board.
- REAR AXLE.** Car's weight borne by outer tube; inner axle transmitting power only. This perfect division of strain permits extremely wide factor of safety. Inner axle, balance and driving gear removable without a jack. Transmitting mechanism runs in oil always.
- EMERGENCY BRAKE.** Internal expanding on both inner rear hub flanges. Dust proof. Lever automatically throws out clutch.
- STEERING GEAR.** Combination nut, rack and pinion type. Case oil tight. Hardened and ample friction surfaces and rigid connections minimizing lost motion.
- CONTROL.** Spark and throttle work on independent sector that does not move with steering wheel.
- FRAME.** Cold rolled pressed steel made at our Garford plant in Elyria. Aluminum under bonnet covers entire engine and transmission case.
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- EQUIPMENT.** Headlights, side lights, rear light, horn, and full kit of tools go with car.

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	No. 22A, Runabout,	\$1050
	No. 22B, Stanhope,	\$1250
	No. 11A, High Speed Stanhope,	\$1650
	No. 16A, Victoria-Phaeton,	\$1750

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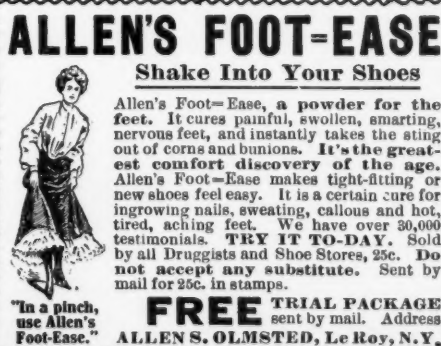


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FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.**

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

THE LITTLE LAWYER MAN

It was a little lawyer man
Who softly blushed as he began
Her poor, dead husband's will to scan.

He smiled, while thinking of his fee,
Then said to her, so tenderly,
"You have a nice, fat legacy."

And when, next day, he lay in bed
With bandages upon his head,
He wondered what on earth he said.

—The Green Bag.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—Booklet.

AN ECHO ALARM CLOCK

President Murphy, of the Chicago National League Club, told at a baseball dinner a remarkable echo story, according to an exchange.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country house in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day and, coming to a hilly place, he said:

"There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between each answer."

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a loud laugh:

"You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before getting into bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, 'Time to get up, William!' and the echo wakes me at seven o'clock sharp the next morning."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

HEALTH AND REST: NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

SENATOR BAILEY AS A REMINDER

"Senator Bailey certainly did do things to Senator Spooner in his speech on the rate bill," said James Cecil Hooe, according to the New York World.

"Yes," replied Louis A. Coolidge, "he did. It reminds me of the man who had a row with the hackman. He was telling about it when his friends saw him in the hospital.

"What happened?" they asked.

"Why," said the man, 'I called the hackman down.'

"Yes."

"And he came down," replied the man in the hospital."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

AN AUTOMOBILE driver was arrested recently while driving slowly through a village and fined \$5. He demanded why he had been so treated, as he had not violated any speed ordinance, but could get no satisfaction. Later a court officer explained the whole matter by saying: "We held a meeting last night and decided that this speeding must stop. This man was the first to come along slow enough for us to catch, so we arrested him."—New York Evening Sun.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

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HIS CHIEF RECOMMENDATION

The Rev. Dr. Madison C. Peters, in an attack on the marriage customs of the twentieth century, related an anecdote.

"A beautiful young girl and her mother," he said, "were discussing the eternal marriage question.

"Well, there's Charles Adams," murmured the mother, thoughtfully, after a long pause.

"Charles Adams!" sneered the girl. "He is old, he is ugly, he is mean, he is a coward. Charles Adams! Why, he has nothing, nothing in the world to recommend him except his wealth."

"You forget his heart disease," said the mother, softly."—New York Tribune.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass.

NOT THE KIND HE WANTED

A smart young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field, "Well done, old fellow; you sow, I reap the fruits."

"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."—Harper's Weekly.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"May the pleasures of youth never bring us pain in our old age."

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Whiskey
Green Label.

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True Manhood

THE hour is late, and I must leave the club;
Alone a woman waits for me at home;
Her anxious, care-worn face—ah, there's the rub!—
Will not permit me longer, boys, to roam.

You bachelors may laugh and cry, "Don't go!"
Am I a brute? True manhood do I lack?
Without a maid what can a woman do
Whose waist is buttoned down the back
—New York Times.

Some Amusing Blunders

A DIVINE in drawing the attention of his congregation to a special communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the Bishop in the evening."

A Scotch minister innocently, perhaps, hit the mark by telling his people: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly we will have to see what a bazar can do for us."

There is a certain amount of excuse to be made for the young curate who, remarking that some people came to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes, finished up, as he glanced over his audience: "I am thankful to see, dear friends, that none of you have come here for that reason."

A negro student, when conducting the prayers at one of the great missionary colleges, said: "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweet hearts," to which the entire congregation made response, "Amen."

The giving-out of church notices has often proved a pitfall for the unwary. "During Lent," said a rector lately, "several preachers will preach on Wednesday evenings, but I need not give their names, as they will be all found hanging up in the porch."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Division for the
PROTECTION OF WILD LIFE
1269 Broadway, New York.

EDITOR LIFE, CITY.
Dear Sir:

The New York Zoological Society has issued cloth posters, calling attention to the recent amendment to the Penal Code in this State which prohibits unnaturalized foreigners from carrying guns or any other dangerous weapons at any time, and we should be glad to have you call the attention of your readers to this fact. These posters are furnished free of charge, and all persons having country homes should provide themselves with proper supplies of these posters, and should have them prominently displayed about their property.

This Society also employs a number of special officers to patrol the country adjacent to Greater New York, on Sundays, and to arrest all persons found violating the State law which prohibits Sunday shooting.

Hoping you may see fit to give this announcement ample space in your columns, I am

Yours truly,

G. O. SHIELDS,
Special Agent.

May 11, 1906.



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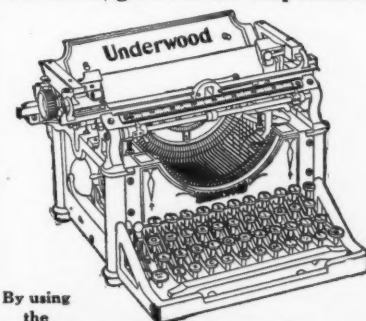
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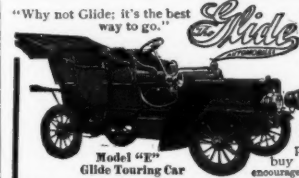
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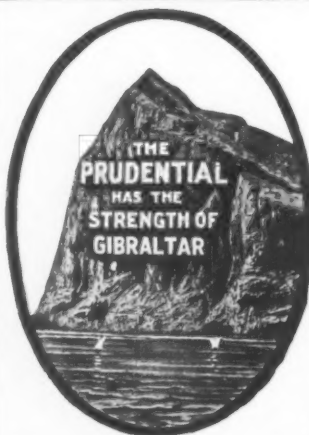
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"What your Uncle John doesn't know about Rouen now isn't worth stopping to look up in the index. Why, I've even got the real French twang to the pronunciation. It's Roo-ank; only you stop short of the 'n' and the 'k,' so to speak. The waiter who brought my breakfast showed me how to do it—said he never saw a foreigner catch on to

the trick so quick before. I gave him one of those slim little quarters they have here, and he was so pleased that he taught me how to say 'Joan of Arc' for nothing. It's Shon-dark—Shondark. I learned it in no time. Well, come on, if you are ready. I've been waiting almost an hour."—From "Seeing France with Uncle John."

"Seeing France with Uncle John," the new humorous serial story, by Anne Warner, author of the "Susan Clegg" stories, begins in the June Century Magazine.